THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ON COMPOSITION.

AMONG the most common and unobserved faults, though it be one which involves the meaning of all writers, is the mistaking the active and passive states, both in nouns and verbs, and the mingling of the two in the different members of a sentence. Not to go far for an example, the word *perspicuity* is not unfrequently confounded with *perspicacity;* the former being the passive, the latter the active noun. We meet with numerous examples of mingling passive and active construction in different members of a sentence, in the very best of English writers. But it would lead me beyond my limits were I to enter critically on the subject, and produce vouchers for all that I advance. I mean merely to offer some light to those who wish to investigate the subject more curiously.

Another beauty which may be universally adopted, is the use of nervous or energetick expressions; the figure Metonymy, judiciously applied, is of great service in this respect. No description is vivid expressed in general terms; a few lively and well-chosen particulars give force to the whole, and impress the mind with stronger ideas. Description, however, ought, by no means, to run out into a verbose detail of minute particulars; a few leading ones convey much more meaning.

To compress the most forcible ideas into the smallest compass, will ever be the first beauty of writing: yet pursued too far, that brevity which is the greatest cause of perspicuity will produce obscurity. Diffuseness of style must always be weak, languid, and prosaïck: *prosaïck* not in opposition to *poetick*, but to that manly energy which good language demands, whether in prose or verse. The judicious appropriation of epithets also confers much strength on expression; two never ought to be taken where one will suffice. Though the endeavour to discriminate between the most delicate shades of meaning is always laudable, yet, by seeking to express too accurately, elegance and strength are sacrificed at the altar of description, as we may often see the half-finished sketch of a portrait promising the most perfect likeness, and losing its expression when more exquisitely wrought by the laborious pencil.

Narrative should always be as concise as is consistent with clearness, where it is introduced as an illustration of any opinion. Where it is the principal business, it will allow of a little more diffusion; but many works would gain more in strength than they

would lose in size, by being compressed into a smaller compass.

The worth of expression must be estimated by the quantum of thought it conveys. Many writers have a great facility of expression, and yet make no permanent impression on their readers. This is the case very frequently in poetry, more so than in prose; and it must be confessed that, though the sterling weight of thought will sometimes excuse infelicity of expression in prose, yet it is directly the reverse in poetry, which often pleases from being happily worded, though from the paucity of idea, it glides over the mind, nor leaves behind it the smallest trace. It is however, necessary to good poetry, as well as to good prose, that both merits should be united;—that to strength of meaning should be added beauty of language and felicity of expression: and perhaps, a better criterion of the merits of writing can scarcely be found than the traces it leaves on the mind of an intelligent reader. The remembrance of a work will be clear or confused, in proportion as the work itself had a claim to either character; and yet it is observable, that the reader of reflection would rather, at some distance of time, reperuse the work he remembers best, than that of which he has a slighter recollection. I am, however, in this instance, alluding to books of argument or science, of which the remembrance and approbation will ever be in just proportion to their own perspicuity and the judiciousness of their arrangement.

In the sentence just finished, occurs an instance of construction which I should be puzzled to explain, but which shows, in part, what I mean with respect to the just agreement between the two members of a sentence. I had written, "*in just proportion to their own perspicuity and judicious arrangement;*" but in this construction, which can hardly be called *faulty*, I was struck with what appeared to me an incongruity, and altered the sentence as it now stands. I know not whether this will be deemed too fastidious, but at least it serves to illustrate the opinions before advanced.

That more of the pleasure of reading, depends on language than is generally imagined, I am perfectly convinced. I would therefore advise all those who wish to be noticed among the *literati* of the age, to pay particular attention to the terms of their expressions, and the construction of their phrases. It is by no means necessary to the beauty of writing, that every period should be turned with the ponderous rotundity of Johnson's language; nor indeed is any peculiar manner necessary to produce the effect proposed: the language ought to vary with the subject, to be appropriate to it, and not to wear the same uniform character whether it be employed on serious or jocular subjects, on topicks of feeling, or those of science and argument.

Voltaire, who wished to be thought a universal genius, as he attempted every kind of writing, is completely a mannerist; and every one of his works, be it grave or gay, historical, ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears what is expressively called "*Le Sçeau de Voltaire.*" (I speak from a cursory perusal of his works). Voltaire had, perhaps, a genius, as it is called, only for irony: this talent he possessed in the strongest degree: but Voltaire must not rest his future fame on any other of the numerous qualifications he laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps the genius of his language, rather than any deficiency in himself prevented him from rising above mere mediocrity! but as an historian, a philosopher, and above all, a philologist, I fear his claims to *universal* genius are very illfounded.

PHILANTUS.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A work has lately been published in New-York, entitled Salmagundi, or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others. The motto is a ludicrous one:

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez
Et smoakem, toastem, roastem, folkesez,
Fee, faw, fum.

PSALMANAZAR.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed and toasted,
With fried and boiled, and smoaked and roasted,
We treat the town.

We should think our time but ill spent, were it merely employed in criticising and animadverting on the trifling faults of this witty production. Its beauties so far predominate over the defects that we are inclined to pass them over in total silence. Its claims to excellence, are however, strong and decisive. It bears the stamp of superiour genius, and indicates its unknown authours to be possessed of lively and vigorous imaginations, a happy turn for ridicule, and an extensive knowledge of the world. Like the Spectator, its design is to mend the morals, correct the manners, and improve the taste of the age. What degree of success this plan may meet with is not easily to be determined; but the intention of its authours appears so praiseworthy, and the talents they display in the execution of the work so unquestionable, that we ardently wish them every encouragement which genius has a right to demand. For the amusement and gratification of your readers, we have made the following extract from the third number of the work, which is replete with wit and humour.

A LETTER

from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Kali Khan, Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

Thou wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomed, that I have, for some time, resided in New-York, the most polished and most magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights? I wander a captive through its splendid streets; I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husband here laments most bitterly any short absence from home, though he leaves but one wife behind to lament his departure! What then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three and twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli? Oh Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh most puissant Bashaw as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms, necks, (et cetera) whose habiliments are too scanty to shelter them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who, it would seem, belong to nobody, are lovely as the Houris that people the Elysium of true believers. If then such as run wild in the highways and whom nobody cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios and never permitted to go abroad? surely the region of beauty, the valley of the Graces can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, (or doctor as he is here called) that at least one fifth part of them have souls! Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity from my own little experience and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of these women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these, I suppose, are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear! yea, by the head of

the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once—they actually swear! Get thee to a mosque good Asem, return thanks to our most holy prophet, that has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Musselmen, and has given them no more souls than cats and dogs and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt, doubtless, be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the order of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch. They were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us, that it was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country, and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subject to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabick Greek which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats and so forth: this was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politicks of this country.—I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated, and seemingly contradictory nature.

The Empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons who are chosen by an assembly elected by the people, hence the mob is called the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE, and the country, FREE! the body politick doubtless resembling a ship, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman; something, they say, of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles, he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches, and by tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they are the most enlightened people under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert who assembled at the summer solstice to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast; which of them have the superiour claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of astonishment, that the men of this country do not seem in a hurry to accommodate themselves even with the single wife, which alone, the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their having no female mutes among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions; what a price is given for them in the East, and what entertaining wives do they make! what delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures! But a wife possessed of both a tongue and a soul— monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

When I have studied these people more profoundly I will write thee again; in the meantime watch over my household and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine: think not, oh friend of my soul that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous

mosques and the beautiful females who run wild, in herds, about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five and twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of a Bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden. MUSTAPHA.

I remain yours &c.

ANGLICANUS.

PLAUTUS.

About two hundred and twenty years before the christian era, Plautus was born at Sarsina in Umbria. No certain tradition of his family has reached us; but vague accounts of his failure in trade, and a consequent application to the most servile offices, have been attested and contradicted by different authours.

That he was poor, from whatever cause, there seems to be no doubt; but his poverty was probably a stimulant to his genius though it might be an enemy to the correctness of his writings.

He wrote twenty-five comedies, of which we are in possession of nineteen. His death happened about one hundred and eighty years before Christ, on which occasion his countryman Varro inscribed an epitaph on his tomb, of which the following translation may convey an imperfect idea:

"The comick muse laments her Plautus dead;
Deserted theatres show genius fled;
Mirth, Sport, and Joke, and Poetry bemoan,
And echoing myriads join their plaintive tone."

He who is unwilling to decide for himself on the merits of Plautus, will probably be perplexed by the varying sentiments of criticks. He will be told by some that his uniformity is such as always to have the same personages in the drama. There is always a young courtezan, an old person who sells her, a young man who buys her, and who makes use of a knavish valet to extort money from his father; a parisite of the vilest kind, ready to do any thing for his patron who feeds him; a braggadocio soldier whose extravagant boasting and ribaldry have served as a model for the Copper Captains of our old comedy. To these censures he will find it added, that the style and dialogues are tasteless; that the wit is buffoonery of the lowest sort; that he was ignorant of that species of gaiety which ought to reign in comedy, and of the pleasantry properly belonging to the theatre; that these should arise naturally from the character and situation of the actor, and be conformed to them exactly; that his dialogues are long narrations, interspersed with tedious soliloquies; that his actors come in and go out without a reason; that persons who are in a great hurry continue upon the stage a full quarter of an hour; and that he introduces the lowest prostitutes with the most vulgar and indecent language and manners.

The admirers of Plautus declare him to have a fertility of invention never equalled by any writer before or since his time, together with an unrivalled judgment in the choice and conduct of his fable; that his characters are drawn from nature; and that the richest vein of ease runs through all his works; the perusal of which is accompanied not with calm satisfaction but with infinite delight.

When we are considering these opposite opinions, we ought to recollect that Plautus had not only a great reputation in his own time, but preserved it beyond the Augustan age. Varro says, if the muses had spoken Latin, it would have been in the language of Plautus. Cicero and Quintilian each afford him a high encomium, notwithstanding Terence had already written. They particularly commend his knowledge of the Latin tongue, although he wrote before the language had arrived at perfection; and the former says, that his wit is elegant, urbane, ingenious, and facetious. Horace, indeed, says, "We have admired the verses and the jests of Plautus with a complaisance which may be denominated folly." But for five hundred years Plau-

tus was a favourite at Rome, although the language had become more polished and correct, and criticism and polite literature had made rapid strides. He must be confessed to have a fund of comick humour and gaiety; and that his imitator, Moliere, owes much of the approbation he has received to the original from which he drew his characters. In ancient comedy where shall we find more entertainment than in the Amphitrion and the Menæchmi?

Some apology may be made for the defects of Plautus, arising from the taste of the times in which he wrote. If his wit be often false, it was relished because it was the fashion of his day. A better taste in the publick would have produced an exuberance of finer wit in him.

It was not allowed to comick writers to represent on the stage any mistresses but courtezans: the delicacy of true love therefore could not be exhibited by the writers of the drama. If Plautus was careless, and poor, and mercenary, the vivacity of his genius counterbalances these defects. All the business and bustle of comedy are to be found in his scenes. Variety too belongs to him, for the incidents are equally numerous and pleasant.

He has also adapted his plays to theatrical representation; and in that respect he carries away the prize from the elegant friend of Scipio.

Such is the language of those who are admirers of Plautus; and if on a perusal of this authour we are induced to think that it is the language rather of panegyrick than of truth, let us not forget the thunder of applauding theatres which always attended the representation of his plays.

The general praise of his contemporaries, seconded by that of several succeeding ages of learning and of taste, is surely sufficient to disparage all the strictures of modern criticism.

If it be true that his jests are rough, and that his wit in general is coarse, bearing a similitude to the old comedy at Athens, it must be confessed that, more than any other comick writer, he has consulted his own genius; and that his strength and spirit are such as to attract and gratify the attention of every reader who is not of a disposition more than commonly fastidious.

Of the Origin of Roman Literature; and of the earliest writers.

Before the age of Alexander the Great, the Romans made but little progress in literature. Naturally rough and unpolished, addicted to war, and struggling in continual conflict, either with enemies abroad, or popular contention at home, their language remained long in a savage state.

Livius and Ennius, the one a tragick, the other an epick poet and satyrist, were the first who began to clear it from its rudeness; though they were far from polishing it to that degree of elegance which it afterwards attained.

The truth is, the taste of the Romans was, at that time, extremely coarse; relishing nothing but wild ribaldry and low wit. Their military songs upon the occasion of a triumph, were among their earliest specimens in poetry, and were a kind of lampoons, in an ironical and jocular style, throwing reproaches on the commanders; and they were danced and sung to by the soldiers in the procession. They somewhat resembled the Dithyrambicks at the Grecian Bacchanalia; which, though rude at first, afterwards gave rise to tragedy and comedy among that polished people.

So, among the Romans, the verses called Fescennine, or Saturnian, were no other than rude satyrical songs; which, from their being used at their festivals, or triumphs, came, at last to be admitted on their stage, accompanied with musick and dances. These, with little variation, for the space of 120 years, served instead of dramatick pieces; till Livius Andronicus undertook to write tragedies and comedies on the more enlarged and correct model of the Greeks.

Somewhat later, (viz. in the year of Rome 550), flourished Plautus, that indelicate, though witty, comick

poet; to whom succeeded Paccuvius and Accius, tragedians; all of whom contributed more or less to the refinement of their native tongue.

Plautus was of Sarsina, a small town in Umbria. He was some years younger than Nævius or Ennius, and died the first year of the elder Cato's censorship. His language is certainly excellent, and in the purest style, while his jests are rude and indelicate: he has several coarse and obscene touches; and has much the same fault with Aristophanes. At the same time, the humour of many of his scenes is strikingly just and comick; and above any thing of the kind in the Roman writers.

This is the constant opinion of Varro, Cicero, A. Gellius, Macrobius, and the most eminent modern criticks; such as Lipsius, the Scaligers, Muretus, Turnebus.

But Terence, the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus, forming himself upon the model of Menander, surpassed all his predecessours in purity and elegance, and carried the Roman language, as far as the stage is concerned, to the highest pitch of perfection; while the justness and delicacy of his characters entitle him to the highest praise.

However, it is to be presumed, with all their success in comedy, that the Romans, in the tragick drama, fell far short of the Greeks, since none of their pieces in this way have reached us, except those of Seneca, although many were composed before his time by different authours. Of these, if we may judge from the remaining fragments, the style was nowise excellent; wanting the closeness and harmony of the Greeks.

But, were there not other and still greater deficiences arising from the nature of tragedy, which no powers of art or language could supply?

In comedy the Romans might excel, as there the characters are taken from general life, with which all are acquainted; so that they had nothing to do but paint the manners as they saw them. In tragedy the characters were more particular, the action more important; and in order that the whole might make a deeper impression, some story venerable for its antiquity was generally pitched upon, in which all the principal actors were persons of royal or noble birth; and sometimes gods and demi-gods were taken into the scene.

How then could the Romans, whose history extended backward only a few hundred years, easily find a story, either for its antiquity, grandeur, or other tragical consequence, sufficiently adapted to this serious and most important part of the drama? They were therefore, obliged to have recourse to the Grecian fable, which amply supplied them with subject; but of which all the best and most interesting parts had been already preengaged by the finest Grecian writers.

With these it was in vain to contend; as, besides the superiority of their language and fable, their genius seemed naturally more elevated, versatile, and inventive; had more sensibility with more passion; a nicer discrimination of character; in fine, they possessed all those requisites peculiar to poetry in general, but more especially that kind of it exhibited on the stage.

To prove the justness of this remark, one has but to read a few pages in Sophocles, Euripidès, or Aristophanes; all of whom, besides their superiour excellence of style, far surpass the Roman authours in wit, humour, character, fable, passion, and sentiment.

One species of poetry, indeed, but of a different kind from the former, the Romans not only invented about this time, but afterwards carried to the greatest perfection. I mean Satire, the outlines of which being first sketched by Ennius, were thereafter more fully drawn by Lucilius; who, however rude in his versification and manner, showed by his matter, to what useful purposes this branch of the poetick art might be extended. Accordingly, his successours, Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, the first with the gentler weapons of smiling satire, the other two with the zeal and

eloquence of a noble indignation, attacked, ridiculed and stigmatized vice in all ranks, and wherever it was to be found.

Poetry has, in all ages, enjoyed a prescriptive right to serve in the cause of virtue; in satire she assumes her severest tone, and appears, as it were, in person, to brand the guilty, and vindicate the laws of morality. Dramatick and epick compositions instruct by example and indirectly: Satire carries on the work of reformation by a bold and open attack on whatsoever obstructs her course: she ranges over the wide extended fields of folly and vice; exposes and combats whatever is ludicrous in the one, or detestable in the other. In a word, mankind is her province; and her object the numberless foibles, caprices, and enormities of the human race.

The following character of the Irish Ladies is so correct, that those who already know them will be pleased to see it so accurately and candidly sketched, and those who do not, will be enabled to form a just conception of their excellence so far as the description goes. If Mr. Carr had added, that, with all the just claims they possess to dominion over the coarser sex, they are so mild in the exercise of it that there are much fewer of those husbands vulgarly called *Jerries*, in Ireland, than in any part of the same population in the world, he would have given a true finishing to the picture, and have completely investigated truth. Yet, it was these very women, who, during the American contest, so far swayed the Parliament of Ireland that they refused to grant money specially for carrying on that war.

People's Friend.

"The ladies of Ireland possess a peculiarly pleasing frankness of manners, and a vivacity in conversation which render highly interesting all they do and all they say. In this open sweetness of deportment the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger. I have been speaking of the respectable class of female society, but the same virtue is to be found in the wretched mud cabin. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland, for its size, than any other country of equal civilization. The appeal of the injured husband to the tribunal of the laws is rare. A distinguished advocate at the Irish bar assured me, that for the last six years there have not been more than five actions of *crim. con.* and not so many for the preceeding twenty years. Two of those actions were between persons of very unequal situations of life in point of fortune, and were by the bar supposed to have originated in collusion for the hope of gain.

"The modesty of the Irish ladies is the effect of principle, and not of any coldness in the organization of nature; in no country are the women more fruitful. The husband only feels the tender regrets of love when business tears him from his home; he rarely knows the pang of him,

"Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet fondly loves."

"The instances of ladies 'living and dying in single blessedness,' are rare in Ireland. I saw only two old maids, and they were too amiable and pleasant not to convince me that their situation was their choice. The upper classes of Irish women are very handsome and finely formed; and if I did not apprehend that the reviewers would cry out against me, I would enumerate some of those whom I had the happiness of seeing; beginning amongst the married ladies with lady Denny Floyd, Mrs. Ridgeway, &c. The lower Irish countrywomen are so disfigured by the smoke of their cabins, and their feet are so enlarged by being exposed without either shoes or stockings, that I think them inferiour in complexion and form to the female peasantry of England. The commonest women in Dublin, are, however, in general remarkable for the delicacy of their hands and arms, and the whiteness of the bosom. They are also, in general, powerfully made, and able to protect themselves. In Dublin I saw a combat between an English footman and an Irish fishwoman, which was well maintained for some time, until, at length the footman got most soundly thrashed and was obliged to yield: the fair Mendoza received many severe blows, but the bystand-

ers never interfered; so convinced were they of the superiority of her stamina and pugilistick powers. In England the low Irishwomen by their valour alone, have established the right of carrying baskets in Covent-garden, that is, of conveying the vegetables and fruit purchased there to the house of the buyer in their own body.

"The ladies of Ireland are generally elegantly, and frequently highly educated; there are few who do not speak French fluently, and many speak it with the purity of its native accentuation. They also frequently add Italian to their accomplishments; and it is no unusual circumstance to hear a young lady enter, with a critical knowledge, into the merits of the most celebrated authours with a diffidence which shows that she is moved by a thirst for knowledge, and not by vanity. They are more highly accomplished in instrumental than in vocal musick: a greater musical treat can scarcely be enjoyed than to hear some of them perform their own Irish airs, which are singularly sweet, simple, and affecting. Those who have been present at a ball in Ireland, can best attest the spirit, good-humour, grace, and elegance which prevail in it. In this accomplishment they may rank next to the animated inhabitants of Paris. The balls in Dublin are very frequent, owing to there being such a poverty of publick amusement, and this circumstance has also a tendency to enlarge and strengthen the social circle. Many of the ladies have a little of that peculiarity of pronunciation which is coarsely called the brogue, but it is a very small portion of it, and is far from being unpleasant, as long as a stranger is susceptible of it, which is but for a very short time. It is but natural to suppose that the pronunciation of an English lady must be as perceptible to an Irish lady who had always been confined to her own country, as that of the latter is to the former. A fair friend of mine who had never been out of Ireland, said to me one day, that she knew such a lady to be an English one, because she spoke "*so strong.*"

"I know not how to make my reader better acquainted with the Irish gentry, than by the following description which Grattan has given of them: I think," said he, "I know my country; I think I have a right to know her. She has her weaknesses: were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less. *The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse, but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination.* The errours incident to such a principle of action must be their errours, but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errours may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sp ightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Meas ur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

From The Northern Budget.

SNOW—An Impromptu.

This is *January twenty*,
When we should have sleighing plenty:
I am tired altogether,
Of such sour, unpleasant weather;
Easy 'tis to *rain* and *blow*—
Why is it so hard to *snow?*

See the *farmer*, wet and weary,
Stalking o'er the plain so dreary:
Oft he upward turns his *peepers*,
Blinking like a chimney sweeper's;
Oft he cries, enraged with wo,
"Why the devil don't it *snow?*

See the *merchant*, sorry fellow,
With a face all pale and sallow,
Sick with grief and quite bed-ridden,
All because there is no *sledding!*
Hear him cry, in accents slow,
"Oh! ye gods, why don't it *snow?*"

See the chap-fallen tavern-keeper,
Voluntarily a *weeper!*
See his bar-room, once so cheery,
Now forsaken, cold and dreary,
Hear him cry, with spirits low,
"Curse the luck—why don't it *snow?*

Hear the sage *prognosticator*,
Blame the slippery tricks of Nature:
She so oft his judgment *bothers*,
That *he* knows no more than *others*:
Hear him roar, with wrinkled brow,
"Curse my stars, why don't it *snow*?"

Folks in ev'ry rank and station,
Join in fretful exclamation:
Taylors, tinkers, parsons, pedlars,
Sawyers, teamsters, smiths and fiddlers,
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Hop and swear—for want of *snow!*

For myself—though prest with sorrow,
Still in hopes 'twill snow tomorrow,
To be patient I endeavour:
Faith such times can't last forever.
Hear the stormy south-east blow—
May it waft us hills of *snow!*

Oh! ye gods who rule the weather—
Neptune, Jove—or both together,
Lend, for once, an ear propitious,
Hear our prayers and grant our wishes;
Down your *frosty blessings* throw;
Cover, smother us—in *snow!*

—

It is laid in the unalterable constitution of things:—None can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. To their power they take a security against any favours which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune.

—

Catharine Oghee.

Where weeps the willow o'er the stream,
Thy silver stream, O Lucan!
And sighs, as autumn's evening breeze
Blows cold upon thy bosom;
Beneath thy verdant bank inlaid
With wild flowers' sweetest nosegay;
The sweetest flower of all the vale,
There sleeps my *Catharine Oghee.*

How oft, alas! at evening star,
We marked thy clear face dimple;
How oft, beneath the moon's bright beam,
We marked thy waters wimple!
And whilst her bosom's dazzling snow
My glowing cheeks did pillow,
Ah! what could match my joys beneath
The hoar-leaf weeping willow?

I drank the musick of her tongue,
Inhaled her balmy kisses;
I hung around her ivory neck,
Dissolved in chastest blisses;
But, wo is me! that beam of love,
The valley's sweetest nosegay,
Now sleeps beneath thy primrose bank,
My angel *Catharine Oghee.*

Accursed the fiend whose ruffian hand
Did tear that beauteous blossom,
Remorse, with scorpion stings, corrode
And canker in his bosom;
For me remains the mournful joy,
With wild flowers' sweetest nosegay,
When twilight comes, to deck the grave
Where sleeps my *Catharine Oghee.*

And when young spring the sprouting lawn
Shall star with amber showers,
I'll seek the spot at early dawn,
And plant the sweetest flowers:
And when they hang their pensive heads
Beneath the sultry sun's ray,
My tears shall make them bloom again
Their sweets round *Catharine Oghee.*

[Richmond Inquirer.]

—

My dear departed friend, whose loss is even greater to the publick than to me, had often remarked, that the leading vice of the French monarchy (which he had well studied) was in good intention ill directed, and a restless desire of governing too much. The hand of authority was seen in every thing, and in every place. All, therefore, that happened amiss in the course even of domestick affairs, was attributed to the government; and, as it always happens in this kind of officious universal interference, what began in odious power, ended always, I may say with out an exception, in contemptible imbecility.—*Burke.*

—

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE—A CONTRAST.

Where does beauty chiefly lie,
In the heart, or in the eye?
Which doth yield us greatest pleasure,
Outward charms or inward treasure?
Which with firmest links doth bind,
The lustre of the face or mind?

Beauty, at some future day,
Must surely dwindle to decay:
And all its energy and fire,
Ignobly perish and expire;
Low levelled with the humble slave,
Alike must moulder in the grave.

But inborn excellence secure,
Shall brave the storm and still endure;
Time's self subduing arm defy,
And live when Nature's self shall die:
Shall stand unhurt amidst the blast,
And longer than the world shall last.

POEM—BY J. SUCKLING.

There never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promove:
For kings and lovers are alike in this,
That their chief art to reign dissembling is.

Here we are loved, and there we love,
Good Nature now and Passion strive,
Which of the two should be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we false fire sometimes with art discover
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

What track can Fancy find so high;
Here we must court, and here engage;
Tho' in the other place we die,
'Tis torture all and cozenage.
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, God of Desire
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back and thy fire,
I'm weary of the state I'm in.
Since if the very best should now befal,
Love's triumph must be Honour's funeral.

—

MORTUARY.

Died, at Boston, Mr. Thomas Parker aged 50; an active naval officer in the revolutionary war. The following is an extract from his log-book.

"First part of the voyage, pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds. All sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely. *Middle passage*—Weather variable—short of provisions. Spoke several of the above vessels our supply had enabled to refit—Made signals of distress. They up helm and bore away. *Latter part*—Boisterous, with contrary winds. Current of adversity setting hard to leeward. Towards the end of the passage cleared up; with *quadrant* of *honesty* got an *observation;* corrected and made up my *reckoning*, and after a passage of fifty years, came into *Mortality Road*, with the calm unruffled *Ocean* of *Eternity* in view."

Farewell, honest Tom! in the harbour thou hast now reached, no *dead reckoning* is kept.—Your integrity in this life will there be your *protection;* your charitable deeds, your *role d' equipage;* you will pass an approving *examination;* and we trust your soul will be taken under the safe convoy of the *High Admiral* of the Universe. Though while on this station you met with "*life's rubbers*,"

"Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
"When he, who all commands,
"Shall give to call life's crew together,
"The word to *pipe all hands.*"

—

Copy of an inscription, on a monument erected at Newburyport to the memory of the late learned and pious Bishop Bass.

BENEATH THIS MONUMENT
are interred the remains of the Rt. Reverend Edward Bass, S. T. D. bishop of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was born at Dorchester, near Boston 23d November 1726; was admitted member of Harvard College, Æt. 13; received the honours of that University A. D. 1744, and was soon after inducted to the pastoral care of St. Paul's Church in this town; of which he was Rector for 51 years;
DURING WHICH TIME
he always supported an UNSPOTTED CHARACTER,
and discharged the various duties of his office with uncommon FIDELITY and EXACTNESS.
HE WAS A MAN
of distinguished VIRTUE, of uncommon HUMILITY, of equal MODESTY, of sincere PIETY, and who firmly adhered to the cause of RELIGION.
HE WAS REMARKABLE
for a peculiar URBANITY, a PLACIDNESS and SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION, together with a VENERABLE and DIGNIFIED MANNER.
HE THUS BECAME
The kind and tender HUSBAND, and the instructive and agreeable COMPANION; the warm and lasting FRIEND, and the true and faithful MONITOR.
THUS IN HIM WERE UNITED
the sound DIVINE and the learned SCHOLAR, the polished GENTLEMAN and the pious CHRISTIAN.
The TEARS of an AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE afford the surest testimony of his SUPERIOUR VIRTUES;
and on their HEARTS is his MEMORY more deeply engraved than on the HARDEST MARBLE.
HE DIED SEPTEMBER 10, A. D. 1803.
"*The* JUST *do cease from their labours, and their works do follow them.*"

—

AN IMITATION OF THE ADMIRED SONG
"*Life let us cherish.*"

Enjoy life's pleasures, seize the fleeting phantom form,
Snatch, ere they vanish, the roseate flowers of morn.

Why, potent Fancy, should we roam,
From social joys and tranquil home?
To catch the sweets which ancient Rome
Emits from mouldering clay?

Man idly gives himself to broils,
And treads the thorny path of toils,
And shuns the golden-decked soils,
Where social treasures bloom.

When heavy clouds obscure the day,
And loud the thunders round us play;
When these are hushed, oh! then how gay
The sun smiles forth at eve.

Who envy hate and malice shun,
Whose hearts to pity gently turn,
Angels shall gather round their urn,
And steep in tears their clay;

Who honour loves, and free bestows
A generous tear on others' woes,
To him, content in bounty flows,
And fills his cup with joy;

And when his days begin to fade,
And cares and sorrows on him tread,
Friendship will lend her hand in aid,
To help him on his way.

Oh Friendship! in all Nature's bow'r,
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flow'r,
To thee we owe the heart felt hour,
And all we here possess.

—

I have seen some of those who are thought the best amongst the *original rebels;* and I have not neglected the means of being informed concerning the others. I can very truly say, that I have not found by observation or inquiry, that any sense of the evils produced by their projects has produced in them, or any *one* of them the smallest degree of repentance. Disappointment and mortification undoubtedly they feel: but to them repentance is a thing impossible. They are atheists. This wretched opinion by which they are possessed even to the height of fanaticism, leading them to exclude from their ideas of a commonwealth, the vital principle of the physical, the moral, and the political world, engages them in a thousand absurd contrivances to fill up this dreadful void. Incapable of innoxious repose, or honourable action, or wise speculation, in the lurking holes of a foreign land, into which (in a common ruin) they are driven to hide their heads amongst the innocent victims of their madness, they are at this very hour, as busy in the confection of the dirt-pyes of their imaginary constitutions, as if they had not been quite fresh from destroying, by their impious and desperate vagaries, the finest country upon earth.

Burke.

—

On reading the debates of Congress respecting Gen. Eaton's Gold Medal.

Written at Gibraltar, by William Ray, one of the captives from Tripoli.

And is it then a subject of debate,
With these wise Solons in the house of state,
Whether should Derna's conqueror stand or fall?
Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?
Whether should Eaton, unexampled brave,
Who fought to rescue and who bled to save
Three hundred hapless souls from chains and death,
Whose lives hung trembling on a murderer's breath;
Whether his name descend to future days,
On the bright medal of a nation's praise;
Or should his trophies be by all forgot,
Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force—half naked were his foes,
And, though so num'rous, easy to oppose!"
Thus argues Randolph, Clay the same avows
And fain would pluck the laurel from his brows;
The sword of Vict'ry from his hand would wrest,
And tear the badge of Valour from his breast.
Then thank them not though Justice still is found,
And grateful Honour wreaths his temples round.

And was it nought those burning sands t'explore,
Where feet of Christians never trod before?
Where Freedom's banners ne'er had been unfurled,
Since the bold Romans flourished o'er the world?
Midst fierce barbarians whom no laws can bind,
Wild as the waves and treach'rous as the wind;
To rear the standard, and so long defend,
With less than twelve on whom he could depend?
To storm a citadel of tenfold might,
And hold that fortress till the flag of white
Wooed him to yield it, at the voice of Peace,
And give his captured countrymen release?
For Eaton's boldness first appalled the foe,
Who, awed like Pharoah, let the people go.

When the blest shade of Washington, above,
Saw the bold chief through Lybian deserts move,
The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,
Resolved to free his countrymen or die;
The patriot few attending on his way,
His visage beamed a more celestial ray;
To Warren and Montgom'ry showed the sight,
Then sunk in glory and absorbed in light!
Oh! did he live! did Vernon's boast again
Shine in the field, or in our councils reign,
His voice from Eaton never would withhold,
Although with pearls enriched, the burnished gold,
But by his hand would ardently be prest,
The conscious symbol to his dauntless breast.
Then let mean envy Randolph's spite betray,
And dart thy arrows, impious hand of Clay!
The hand of Heav'n, for Heaven rewards the brave,
Shall bless thee, EATON, e'en beyond the grave;
While gratitude shall warm Columbia's breast,
Thy name shall live—thy merit stand confest;
Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historick page.
Year after year, and age succeeding age,
Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards sublime,
Shall bloom forever mid the wreck of time.

—

MERRIMENT.

Soon after the duke of Norfolk had abjured the errours of popery, he visited his seat of Worksop Manor, in Nottinghamshire; as he walked in the garden, he asked some questions of one of the gardeners, who he found did not know him: "Your master," said the duke, "I am told, has changed his religion; pray what do you think of it?"—"Why," said the gardener, "I know not what to think of it; I hope, however, his grace will make a *good protestant*, for I have been told he made a *very bad catholick*."

—

Lady Wallace sent a very civil message to Mr. Harris, patentee of Covent-Garden Theatre, offering him a comedy of her writing for *nothing*. Mr. H. observed, that her ladyship knew *the exact value of it*.

—

The duke of Richmond being asked why he ordered a captain's guard to mount near the kitchen, replied, that he wished to accustom the captains of militia to *stand fire*.

—

Once when John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asks him—"will you play upon this pipe?"—"My lord, I cannot."—"I pray you."—"Believe me, I cannot."—"I do beseech you," "*Well if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;* and to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played *God save the King*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

AN ELEGY

To the memory of my brother, who died in Jamaica, Novr. 1801, of the yellow fever, in five days illness.

1

Here shall Remembrance pour the silent tear,
Though death detain thee from this vale of wo,
Accept my friend, accept, if thou canst hear,
'Tis all a brother's fondness can bestow.

2

No sullen whims our simple joys retard,
When children lisping round our mother's knee,
We shar'd her tender kiss, our wished reward,
And heard her merry tale in silent glee.

3

Oft wandering, thoughtless, through the pleasant groves,
In rival haste we plait the flowery crown,
And wish to know, for sudden fancy moves,
Why shadows lengthen as the sun goes down.

4

When infant gambols riper years destroy,
And nobler pursuits reason's care demand,
Parental love surveyed with anxious joy,
Our progress equal as our minds expand.

5

Alas! Misfortune rears her gloomy shade,
The ties of Friendship are asunder torn,
Disjoined afar no more we court the glade,
Or scheme the pleasures of the coming morn.

6

For William's fancy splendid hopes conceives
Of wealth and honours on a foreign shore,
He grasps at empty forms, nor once perceives
The fatal danger which my tears deplore.

7

Come banish grief and think how short my stay,
Two lustres finished in the Western Isles,
In rapture I'll return to bless the day,
That crowns our future lives with fortune's smiles.

8

This beauteous fly, with wings of glittering white,
Late in its cell a scanty pleasure knew,
But now complete with powers of new delight,
It skims the air and sips the balmy dew.

9

My fancy mournful dwells on Scotia's shore,
And paints the feelings of our last adieu,
I stood dejected as the billows bore
My early friend forever from my view.

10

Propitious breezes swell the trembling sails,
And waft him safely to the destined land,
But there, alas! the direful pest prevails,
He pines in death and strangers round him stand.

11

As sickness flies, the planters call to arms,
For fierce Maroons their hostile banners wave;
He bravely joins to crush their dire alarms,
But ruthless wounds nigh sink him to the grave.

12

These dangers past, bright hope renews the dream,
Of coming raptures which no cares invade;
Fallacious hope—again his shattered frame,
The pest assaults—he sinks among the dead.

13

Perhaps his radiant shade around me flies,
To view the sorrows mortal scenes impart,
Oh grant bright Spirit, if no power denies,
A double portion of thy feeling heart.

14

That sympathetick heart whose greatest pride,
To sooth the anguish of the sons of wo,
Or gen'rously with smiles thy wealth divide
To mitigate or heal misfortune's blow.

15

A fleeting pain the greatest mis'ry ends,
When Death relentless hurls at us his dart,
But skilled in wo by cutting off our friends,
Continual pangs transfix the melting heart.

16

Low lies his head and cold his heart sincere,
My anguish hopeless still I'm pleas'd to mourn,
Nor like Pericles check the falling tear,
A tribute grateful to the hallowed urn.

N. N.

—

A new song adapted to the tune "Logie O Buchan."

1

On *Ythan's sweet banks I have frequently strayed,
Delighted with Jamie below the birch shade,
His eyes spake tho' the converse was sma'
O dool on the wars that took Jamie awa'.

2

The last time I saw him was in yonder green bower,
He gae me a rose, sayen look at this flower,
The colour, my dearest, is whiter than snaw,
An emblem of true love when I'm far awa'.

3

Its smell still remains when the colour decays,
And faithful love sweetens long life's latest days;
So think of the odour and colour so braw,
And your thoughts will embrace me when far, far awa'.

4

I gae him my bracelets wi' looks of despair,
And sighing we niffered locks of our black hair,
My big heart was bursting, nae tears came ava,
Alas! who shall sooth me when I'm far awa'.

5

Be cheerful my lassie, no dangers I fear,
The seraphs who guard us shall always be near,
Our wishes to sanction and hear when you ca'
For their aid to protect you when I'm far awa.

* A pleasant river in Buchan.

6

Preserved from the wars and the storms of the sea,
I'll return never more to be severed from thee;
Our bliss shall be damped by no pleasures ava,
And the purer for those that are past and awa'.

—

ODE

TO DR. B——, OR TO GRATITUDE,

Written in a room overlooking Lake Ontario, January 1, 1803.

1

Pale Indians shiver at their fire,
The dazzling snow our eye-balls stun,
The skaters from the cold retire,
The water freezes in the sun,
And yonder cataract displays
From columns Iris' golden rays;
But Gratitude, sweet smiling guest,
The chilling cold expels and warms my throbbing breast.

2

Hail Gratitude, soft-blushing maid,
By gods and men alike belov'd,
Despatch'd to gentle Virtue's aid,
To make her duties more approv'd;
With Goodness tripping on before,
You guide her to the wretched door;
Again behind you hold her train,
Smile off her cautious fears and shake your golden chain.

3

Anon you lead the heavenly choir,
The sainted host in rapture gaze,
You strike with love th' eternal lyre;
And sound delightful notes of praise;
While angels from on high proclaim
That men may join th' ecstatick theme,
To Gratitude alone is given,
The thankful soul of man to raise from earth to heaven.

4

The offerings of a grateful heart,
O waft benignant nymph divine,
To B—— some pleasure thou'lt impart,
At sacred Truth's refreshing shrine;
For there he studies Nature's page,
Or saunters with Sicilia's sage,*
Admires the depth of Bacon's mind,
And Newton lifting Nature's veil that kept us blind.

5

Perhaps his mind illum'd portrays,
From systems free the human race;
The native worth that man displays,
His various sources of distress,
By Freedom blest, a demi-god,
A beast when rul'd by Nero's rod,
And all his frame with ardour glows,
To sooth with healing balm, or banish mortal woes.

6

O Truth, enrob'd in snowy white,
Your fav'rite's modest doubts dispel,
That he may spread your precious light,
And then inspire a nobler shell
To sound aloud his glorious name,
To class him with the sons of fame,
While Gratitude, celestial guide,
Each heart inspires to hail, their country's boast and pride.

N. N.

* Archimedes.

—

ADDRESSED TO CARA.

My fortune and my hopes were gone,
My projects had an end,
And dreary is the world to one,
Who lives without a friend!

How dark it was! A lurid shade
Of never-ceasing wo
Enveloped me. No more I pray'd
For happiness below.

But kindness in thy face was shown;
Or did I dream 'twas there?
'Twas like a glimpse of hope to one
Abandon'd to despair.

Thus on a dark tempestuous night,
I've seen the lightnings play,
And cast a flash of heav'nly light
Across my clouded way.

Was I deceived? with gloomy wo
No longer will I cope.
There's nothing sinks the heart so low
As disappointed hope.

The shipwrecked sailor on a spar,
To God for mercy cries—
He sees a spreading sail afar!
And hope illumes his eyes.

He cries in vain; the passing gale
Bears all his hopes away;
No more he sees the spreading sail;
No more has strength to pray.

"No helping hand is nigh to save,"
In wild despair he cries;
And with the next returning wave,
Without a struggle dies.

Was I deceiv'd? Does Love offend?
Dost thou reject his claim?
I'll call thee Cara—sister—friend,
Or some endearing name.

But, do not frown. A glance from thee
Of anger or disdain,
Would place a weight of grief on me,
Too heavy to sustain.

ANNIUS.

The following song was sung with great applause at a dinner given on St. Andrew's day at Montreal.

1

An Englishman calls for plumpudding and beef,
A Frenchman thinks soup of good victuals the chief,
A dainty potato the Irish have chose,
But Scotchmen delight in sweet castocks and brose.
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,
O, the old Scottish kail brose.

2

The proud Dionysius was wonderful wroth,
And curst from his heart the Spartan black broth;
But had the Laconians given him brose,
The testy old codger had ta'en a good dose.

3

When honest St. Andrew arrived on our coast,
Of converts the father soon made a great host,
And these he commanded to plant a kail-yard,
From hunger's dire cravings a sweet luscious guard.

4

When Fingal, the hero invincible, hurled
Defeat and disgrace on the king of the world,
The chiefs he recalled from pursuing the foes,
And bade them prepare for a dish of kail-brose.

5

Our fathers since this when they go to a feast,
A dirk at their girdle, a plaid round their breast,
A good cutty spoon in their bonnets inclose
To sup the first dish that was always kail-brose.

6

The Danes finding no skill their best armies could save,
That Scotland in landing was always their grave,
No longer their lives they swore they'd expose
In battle with men always feeding on brose.

7

The English and Scotch in fierce battles engage
For ages too num'rous with slaughtering rage;
And shall we the bone of contention disclose,
Faith the one fought for beef and the other for brose.

8

At last on weak Jamie prosperity blows,
Who joined in himself the thistle and rose,
All his subjects, he said, might eat as they chose,
The English roast-beef and the Scotchmen kail-brose.

9

The peace to establish he made a grand feast,
And each nation's dishes were handsomely drest,
A roasted surloin and plumpudding oppose
A sheep's head, minc'd collops, fat haggis and brose.

10

Here's then to Saint Andrew who first gave us kail,
And Saint George who sent the fierce dragon to hell;
Henceforth let the thistle be join'd to the rose,
And roast-beef at dinner come after kail-brose.
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,
O, the old Scottish kail-brose.

—

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Of the few poetical remains of Plato, I send you a version of one. It is to be found in Laertius and in the Anthology.

When Time o'er the wilds of calamity rush'd
To wreath Hecuba's chaplet of years,
With a grim leer, each hope as it budded, he crush'd,
Every flower he water'd with tears.
Ah! how vivid the sunbeams that glanc'd on thy morn,
And gilded each vapour of gloom;
But the tide wayward destiny pour'd on her dawn,
Now rolls back from my Agatha's tomb.

H. L.

Brunswick, Maine.

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